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# Newport Mercury.

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## Poetry.

### THE STARRY CROWN.

BY ELLEN.

I would not wear a starry crown;  
No! in that night sky  
When from the presence of the Judge  
The earth shall shrink away.  
And like a scroll the arched heavens  
Shall shrink, fold and lie  
Not stables be the crown his hand  
Shall give, in love, to me.  
Bright, bright, shall be the diamonds  
Too bright for mortal thought to trace,  
Or fancy picture now;  
For 'tis the gift of him who died,  
Unpurchased, granted free;  
But come as it with sparkling gems,  
A starry crown for me.  
It is not that the friends I love,  
Are weaving crowns most bright,  
That countless gems illuminate  
Their diadems of light;  
But that one angel ray may gleam,  
Midst heaven's radiance;  
And spread the glory wider yet,  
A starlet crown for me.  
It is not that a higher place,  
A prouder name, were mine;  
Or from those gems a richer light.  
Oh bow and heart might shine,  
But when, before the Savior's feet,  
We throw those crowns down,  
The trophies of his martyrdom,  
Mine be a star-ground crown.  
Yes! light would be the heaviest cross,  
Unheeded toil and pain,  
One gem to deck that coronet,  
One soul for God to gain;  
And but to see, round Jesus' throne,  
Those gems in lustre shine,  
Is all I ask of gain or bliss,  
A starry crown be mine.

### JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING

Around a waiting soul is heard,  
Dark is the sky, and dreary;  
The people's hearts, with hopes deferred,  
Are growing faint and weary.  
Still looking for some cheering ray,  
Some promise of the dawning;  
"The night is very long," they say,  
"O, when will come the morning?"  
Let us, now that our faith grows cold,  
Turn to that old story;  
Thus did our fathers wait, of old,  
To see the promised glory.  
Not child disaster's gloomy fears  
Their steadfast minds could alter;  
Through all the night of weary years  
Their courage did not falter.  
Lied they our freedom lightly won,  
We might as lightly prize it;  
The truth is surely manifesting  
How our fears disguise it.  
The clouds which veil the morning's light,  
Are darkest ere the dawning;  
Sorrow endureth for the night,  
Joy cometh in the morning.  
Through all the ills which make or mar,  
We work out our salvation;  
These strong and fierce convulsions are  
The birth-throes of a nation.  
As sure as God is for the right,  
A brighter day is dawning;  
Sorrow endureth for a night,  
Joy cometh in the morning.

### LYRICAL LINES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

As I wandered beside the blue measureless tide,  
While the waters and winds were at play,  
A woman form, pale, weary and worn,  
Arose like a ghost in my way.  
Her famine-wrung sigh, and her grief-dimmed  
Eye,  
Were heavy with moan and tear,  
As I gazed in her pale a drop of the balm  
Which the world holds so precious and dear;  
And this blessing she gave as she turned to the  
way.  
And gazed up to the azure dome,  
"May your happiness be as deep as the sea,  
And your heart as light as the foam."  
Few words they were; but they seemed to bear  
A magic to cheer and to save;  
A beauty was shined by that sorrowful tongue,  
Like a spring flower reared on a grave.  
And time, who estranges by chequers and changes,  
Kind thoughts that have wished us good will,  
Has left warmly impress on my brain and my  
breast.  
The words of that pale woman still,  
They held music and feeling, whose echoes tones  
stealing,  
Yet whisper where'er I may roam,  
May your happiness be as deep as the sea,  
And your heart as light as the foam.

### THE DRESS OF 1700.

BY ANDREW MERRAT.

What modesty now marked our fair  
They did not leave their bosoms bare,  
Creating passion!  
But hiding all the skin,  
They wore large caps tied under the chin;  
Ah, sweet old fashion!  
And the rough handkerchief did so pin,  
That part of the breast lay open.  
The titled lady neat and prim,  
Exhibited a person slim,  
With waist as nice and taper;  
How neatly fixed was every pin!  
So highly laced, she looked as thin  
As was her own thread-paper,  
And then by a large hoop's assistance,  
She kept the fopping at a distance.  
The Macaroni, like a Lord,  
Walked with full-bottomed wig and sword,  
And cravat as was made then;  
A long square coat, with a large cuff,  
For sailors' put in cloth enough;  
A sign that they were paid then!  
With fierce cock that they looked like men,  
And wore two costly rings;  
At first large buckles, small ones then—  
But never thought of strings.

## Selected Tale.

### THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"When did you hear from Thomas?"  
A young lady had stopped at the door  
of a small house, standing on the outskirts  
of a village in Pennsylvania, and asked  
this question of a woman sat working on a  
coarse garment.  
"It's more than two months since I've  
had a word from him," replied the woman.  
Then rising, she added, "Won't you come  
in, Miss Annie?"  
The young lady accepted the invitation,  
and as she took a proffered chair, said,  
"Two months is a long time not to have  
heard from your son, Mrs. Rogers. Where  
is he?"  
"The last news came from Williams-  
burg just after the battle. He sent me  
three or four lines to say that he wasn't  
hurt."  
"And you've heard nothing since?"  
"Nothing, Miss Annie. He may be  
dead or a prisoner, for all I know. Oh,  
dear! dear! it's worrying the life out of  
me."  
"When did you write to him last?" in-  
quired the young lady.  
Mrs. Rogers moved uneasily, and a  
shameful flush covered her face, as she re-  
plied,  
"I haven't taken a pen in my fingers  
these five years. They're all cramped  
with hard work, and I couldn't write fit  
to be seen."  
"A single line from your hand, Mrs.  
Rogers, blotted and scrawled though it  
might have been, would have been to  
Thomas, in his far away camp, as a most  
welcome visitor from home. Think of his  
comrades getting letters by every mail,  
while there came not a word or a token  
for him!"  
"Oh! but Miss Annie, I've sent him two  
pairs of stockings knit with my own hands,  
and he's never so much as let me know  
that he received them."  
"A letter should have gone with them,"  
said the young lady. "The stockings, if  
they ever reached him, were but dumb  
signs; a loving sentence, even if he had  
been obliged to spell it out slowly from  
among ill-formed words, would have spoken  
to his heart, and warmed it with a living  
pleasure. Write to your son, Mrs. Rogers.  
Nothing that you can send him will do  
Thomas half so much good as a line  
from his mother. A single line will be  
precious. Don't let him any longer have  
the feeling, among his comrades, that he  
alone has no one to care for him, or send  
him sweet remembrance."  
"I don't believe I can write, Miss An-  
nie," said Mrs. Rogers.  
"Try. Have you pen and ink?"  
"No, Miss. As I told you just now, I  
haven't had a pen in my fingers these  
five years; and I don't believe I could  
compose a letter, even if I had the skill to  
write it out."  
"You must try, Mrs. Rogers. It will  
never do in the world for Thomas to go  
any longer without a letter from home. I  
have a spare inkstand, and will step round  
for it."  
And the young lady arose, as she went  
out.  
On Annie's return with writing materi-  
als, Mrs. Rogers, still reluctant to under-  
take the unaccustomed task of penning a  
letter, sat down, half per force, and making  
sundry awkward attempts to form words  
and sentences, by way of practice, before  
essayng the epistle, which her ardent  
young visitor had made up her mind should  
be produced and mailed to the absent sol-  
dier that day.  
"Very well done. Of course you can  
write!" said Annie, encouragingly, as she  
watched the efforts of Mrs. Rogers. "Now,  
take a sheet of paper, and just think you  
are talking to him. Write down whatever  
you would like to say, and say just as  
much about home, and what is going on  
here, that you can think would interest  
him, as you can call to mind. Take your  
time to do it, and don't feel hurried. I'll  
come round again in the course of an hour  
and see what you've done. Then we'll  
both go over it, and I'll make all the cor-  
rections needful, so that you can copy it  
out fairly. My word for it, there'll be a  
nice letter for Thomas, that will do his  
heart good."  
In an hour, Annie came back, as she had  
promised. Mrs. Rogers had filled two  
pages of paper with rather badly spelled  
sentences; but the matter was all right as  
far as it went. Annie made all needed  
corrections, and then waited until Mrs.  
Rogers had copied the letter, which she  
folded and directed for her.  
"Shall I mail it for you?"  
"If you please," said Mrs. Rogers.  
And the young lady went away, taking  
the letter. Since learning that Thomas  
Rogers, whom she very well remembered,  
had not once received a letter from his  
mother, although he had been absent for  
over a year, she had felt pity and concern

for the young man, whom she remembered  
as a little wild in his habits before he went  
into the army. This made her the more  
urgent that the mother should do her  
duty. The letter was as well as could  
have been expected under the circum-  
stances. Still, as Annie's thoughts went  
off to the distant camp, and dwelt on the  
young man's particular case, it did not seem  
to her all that she needed.  
"I will write to him," she said, as the  
case continued to dwell in her mind, pre-  
sently, as a sudden time, my scholar in Sun-  
day school, and that shall be my warrant!"  
So she wrote him a brief but pointed and  
earnest letter, touching his duties as a sol-  
dier and as a man. Not in a superior, lec-  
turing tone, but in a kind, suggestive way,  
and in language calculated to touch his  
feelings and arouse his better nature.  
An officer sat in his tent near Gaines'  
Mills, Virginia, three days previous to the  
assault on the right wing of our army be-  
fore Richmond.  
"In the guard house again," he said,  
speaking to the orderly, who had just sub-  
mitted his report. "There was a regret, as  
well as discouragement in his voice. What  
are we to do with the man?"  
"You will have to order a severe pun-  
ishment. Simple confinement in the guard  
house is of no use."  
"He has all the elements of a good sol-  
dier," remarked the officer. "No one goes  
through the manual better. He is perfectly  
drilled; is quick, steady and brave. At  
Williamsburg he fought like a lion. I can  
not forget, that, to his prompt courage,  
I owe my life. No—no—no severe pun-  
ishment. We must bear with him a little  
longer. What is his offense now?"  
"He was away at roll call, and his re-  
port of himself is unsatisfactory. The man  
is restless and brooding; and sometimes  
so ill-natured as to make trouble with his  
comrades."  
The officer sat in thought for some time.  
He was about speaking, when a sergeant  
came with letters, a mail having been re-  
ceived. In running his eyes over them,  
the officer noticed two directed to Thomas  
Rogers, the soldier reported as in the  
guard house. He held them for a moment  
in his hand, and then laid them aside with  
his own letters.  
"Let me see you in half an hour," he  
said to the orderly. "We must do some-  
thing to reform this man. There is good  
in him, if we can only discover the way to  
make it active."  
The orderly retired and the officer be-  
came occupied with his letters. After  
getting through with them, word was  
passed to have Rogers brought before  
him. He came, under guard, but the  
guard was dismissed, and the man was  
alone with the officer, who regarded him  
more in pity than in anger. The soldier  
was a young man, not over twenty years  
of age; of slender form, compactly built  
and muscular. Even under disgrace, there  
was a manly self-poise about him that did  
not escape the officer's notice.  
"Under arrest again! What have you  
to say for yourself?" The officer tried to  
be stern and speak with severity.  
The soldier did not answer; but a look  
half-dogged, half-defiant, was visible in his  
face.  
"I shall have to order severe punish-  
ment."  
There was no reply; only a slight change  
in attitude and expression of countenance,  
that indicated a bracing of mind and nerve  
for more endurance.  
"When did you hear from home?" asked  
the officer, who did not remember to have  
seen a letter addressed to Rogers until the  
receipt of that day's mail.  
"Not for a long time," was answered, and  
with apparent surprise at so unexpected a  
question.  
"Here are two letters to your address."  
And the officer, who had the letters in his  
hand, held them toward the soldier, who  
started with a strange look of surprise and  
bewilderment, and received them with a  
hand that trembled visibly.  
"Sit down and read them," said the offi-  
cer, pointing to a camp stool. The man  
sat down, showing considerable excite-  
ment, and, after looking curiously at the  
delicately written superscriptions opened  
one of the letters and glanced it through  
hurriedly. The officer's gaze was on him,  
and he read in his countenance the rapid  
play of various emotions. Then he opened  
the second letter, which was read twice.  
As he finished it, he drew his hand hastily  
across his eyes.  
"From home?" queried the officer.  
The young soldier stood up, giving the  
usual sign of respect, as he answered in  
the affirmative. The officer noticed that  
his face was paler and graver; and that  
all the late dogged defiance had faded out.  
"And now, Rogers, what have you to  
say for yourself? Will you drive us to a  
severe punishment? You know, as well  
as I do, that discipline must be enforced."  
There was remonstrance, not anger, in the  
officer's voice.  
"Only this," answered the soldier, hum-  
bly, yet in a firm voice. "I have done  
wrong and I am sorry. Forgive me; and  
if I break a rule of the service again shoot  
me."

"Spoken like a man and a soldier. I  
will trust you, Rogers," said the officer;  
and dismissing the guard he sent him to  
duty.  
Two days after came that overwhelm-  
ing assault upon Gaines' Mill. Among the  
coolest and bravest in all the fierce battles  
that followed, and among the most endur-  
ing in the long nights of retreat, was young  
Rogers. He was with that body of infan-  
try which lay at the bottom of Malvern  
Hill, and which staggered, and then drove  
back the rebel masses, whose desperate  
courage in that maddest of assaults, was  
worthy of a better cause. Twice during  
this series of battles, as once at Williams-  
burg, had Rogers, risking his own life,  
saved that of his captain; and in several  
of the conflicts, he had shown such cool-  
ness and courage, that the position was  
saved, which but for the infusion of his  
spirit into his comrades, would have been  
lost.  
One day about three weeks after the  
letters were written to Thomas Rogers,  
the young lady whom we have called An-  
nie, received a reply from the soldier dated  
"In Camp, near Harrison's Landing." It  
ran thus:  
"A good angel must have put it into  
your heart to send that letter, for it came  
just in time to save me. I was in the  
guard house, for neglect of duty and dis-  
obedience of orders. I was reckless and  
desperate. All my comrades were getting  
word from home—letters came to them by  
every mail—but no one wrote to me, or  
seem to care for me. So I lost respect for  
myself, grew sour, unhappy, and indif-  
ferent to duty. But your kind words—  
your talk about the past time when you  
were my teacher—your calm, true, sweet  
sentences, dear lady! stirred my heart  
with new feeling, and filled my eyes with  
tears. I was before my captain, in dis-  
grace, when your letter was placed in my  
hands. He waited for me to read it; saw  
that I was touched, and like a true man  
as he is, forgave my offence. Then and  
there, I resolved to die, than swerve a  
hair's breadth from duty. I have been in  
many a fearful battle since, but God has  
kept me from harm. To-day, for bravery  
and faithful service in these battles, I have  
been made a second lieutenant. Thanks,  
thanks to you, kind good friend. You have  
saved one who came near being lost."  
Fair reader, is there not, in some far-  
away camp, a soldier who would be made  
better or happier through a letter from  
your hand? Think! If there is, write to  
him. Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers,  
write often to the soldiers who have gone  
out from your homes. They are in midst  
of temptations, trials, sufferings and pri-  
vations, and your words of love, your ten-  
derly manifested interest, your exhorta-  
tions to courage and duty, cannot fail to  
do good.  
What is your young Daughter think-  
ing about?—You are very careful of her  
dress; you attend personally to the pur-  
chase and fit. You go with her to see  
that her foot is nicely fitted; and you give  
your milliner special instruction as to the  
make and becomingness of her bonnets;  
but do you ever ask yourself what she is  
thinking about? In other words, what  
she knows anything at all of her later life!  
Many who are esteemed most excellent  
mothers are as ignorant on this all-impor-  
tant point, as if they had never looked in  
their daughter's faces. They exact re-  
spectful obedience; and if the young crea-  
ture yields it, and has no need of a phy-  
sician's immediate service, they consider  
their duty done. Alas, what a fatal mis-  
take! These are the mothers who, never  
having invited the confidence of those  
young hearts, live to see it bestowed ev-  
erywhere but in accordance with their  
wishes. Is it, can it be enough to a moth-  
er worthy of the name, to be satisfied that  
her daughters physical wants are cared for?  
What of that yearning, hungry soul, that  
is casting about here and there for some-  
thing to satisfy its questionings? Oh,  
give a thought sometimes to this! When  
she sits there by the fire or window mus-  
ing, sit down and love her thoughts out  
of her. Cast that fatal "dignity" to the  
winds which has come between so many  
young creatures and the heart to which  
they should lie nearest in these important  
forming years. "Respect" is good in its  
place, but when it freezes up your daugh-  
ter's soul utterances, when it sends her for  
sympathy and companionship to chance  
guides, what then? A word—a loving,  
kind word, at that moment—no mind can  
over-estimate its importance. Remember  
that when you see the sad wrecks of man-  
hood about you; and amid the sweeping  
waves of life's pleasures, whatever you  
neglect, do not fail to know what that  
young daughter of yours is thinking about.  
Somebody says:—"The devil never  
troubles a busy man." This we know to  
be false. Show us a busier man than the  
editor, and yet he is fortunate if he has no  
more than one devil to trouble him, espe-  
cially when "copy" is short.  
The true hero fears God, and his own  
conscience more than man.

Truth.—The following beautiful illus-  
tration of the simplicity and power of truth,  
is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, for-  
merly editor of the Albany State Regis-  
ter. He was an eye witness of the scene  
in one of the higher courts:—  
A little girl nine years of age, was of-  
fered as a witness against a prisoner who  
was on trial for a felony committed in her  
father's house.  
"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the  
prosecution, "do you swear that you know  
the nature of an oath?"  
"I don't know what you mean," was the  
simple answer.  
"There, your honor," said the counsel,  
addressing the Court, "is anything further  
necessary to demonstrate the validity of  
my objection? This witness should be  
rejected. She does not comprehend the  
nature of an oath."  
"Let me see," said the Judge. "Come  
here, my daughter."  
Assured by the kind manner and tone  
of the Judge, the child stepped forward  
toward him and looked confidently up in  
his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a  
manner so artless and frank, that it went  
straight to the heart.  
"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired  
the Judge. The little girl stepped back  
with a look of horror, and the red blood  
mantled all over her face and neck as she  
answered:  
"No, sir."  
She thought he intended to inquire if  
she had ever plighted herself.  
"I do not mean that," said the Judge,  
who saw her mistake. "I mean were you  
ever a witness before?"  
"No, sir, I never was in court before,"  
was the answer.  
He handed her the Bible open.  
"Do you know that book, my daughter?"  
"She looked at it and answered, "Yes,  
sir, it is the Bible."  
"Do you ever read it?" he asked.  
"Yes, sir, every evening."  
"Can you tell me what the Bible is?"  
inquired the Judge.  
"It is the word of the great God," she  
answered.  
"Well, place your hand upon this Bible,  
and listen to what I say," and he repeated  
slowly and solemnly the oath usually ad-  
ministered to witnesses.  
"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn  
as a witness, will you tell me what will  
befall you if you do not tell the truth?"  
"I shall be shut up in State Prison," an-  
swered the child.  
"Anything else," asked the Judge.  
"I shall never go to Heaven," she re-  
plied.  
"How do you know this," asked the  
Judge.  
The child took the Bible, and turning  
rapidly to the chapter containing the com-  
mandments, pointed to the injunction,  
"Thou shalt not bear false witness against  
thy neighbor." I learned that before I  
could read.  
"Has any one talked to you about your  
being a witness in Court here against this  
man?" inquired the Judge.  
"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother  
heard they wanted me to be a witness, and  
last night she called me to her room and  
asked me to tell her the ten Command-  
ments, and then we kneeled down togeth-  
er and she prayed that I might understand  
how wicked it was to bear false witness  
against my neighbor, and that God would  
help me, a little child, to tell the truth as  
it was before him. And as I came up  
here with father, she kissed me and told  
me to remember the Ninth Commandment,  
and that God would hear every word that  
I said."  
"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge,  
while a tear glistened in his eye, and his  
lips quivered with emotion.  
"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice  
and manner that showed her conviction of  
truth was perfect.  
"God bless you, my child," said the  
Judge, "you have a good mother. This  
witness is competent," he continued, "give  
a thought sometimes to this! When  
she sits there by the fire or window mus-  
ing, sit down and love her thoughts out  
of her. Cast that fatal "dignity" to the  
winds which has come between so many  
young creatures and the heart to which  
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The true hero fears God, and his own  
conscience more than man.

A correspondent recommends the fol-  
lowing Fable as well worth the considera-  
tion of the good people of the United  
States, at this important crisis.  
Menenius Agrippa a Roman Consul, be-  
ing deputed by the Senate to appease a  
dangerous tumult and sedition of the peo-  
ple, who refused to pay the taxes neces-  
sary for carrying on the business of the State;  
convinced them of their folly, by deliver-  
ing to them the following Fable.  
"The members of the human body, tak-  
ing some exception at the conduct of the  
stomach, resolved no longer to grant him  
the usual supplies. The tongue first, in a  
seditious speech, aggravated their grievanc-  
es; and after highly extolling the activity  
and diligence of hands and feet, let forth  
how hard and unreasonable it was, that the  
fruits of their labor should be squandered  
away upon the insatiable cravings of a far  
and indolent stomach, which was entirely  
useless, and unable to do anything towards  
helping himself. This speech was received  
with unanimous applause by all the  
members. Immediately the hands declared  
they would work no more; the feet de-  
termined to carry no farther the load  
with which they had hitherto been op-  
pressed; and the very teeth refused to pre-  
pare a single morsel more for his use. In  
this distress, the stomach besought them to  
consider maturely and not foment so sense-  
less a rebellion. There is none of you,"  
says he, "can be ignorant that whatsoever  
you bestow upon me, is immediately con-  
verted to your use, and dispersed by me  
for the good of you all into every limb.—  
But he remonstrated in vain; for during  
the clamors of passion, the voice of reason  
is always disregarded. It being therefore  
impossible for him to quiet the tumult, he  
starved for want of their assistance, and the  
body wasted away to a skeleton.—  
The limbs grown weak and languid, were  
sensible at last of their error, and would  
fain have returned to their respective du-  
ties, but it was now too late, death had  
taken possession of the whole, and they all  
perished together.  
Mistakes Corrected.—The editor of the  
Star of the West furnishes the following  
modest attempt at correcting rather wide-  
spread mistakes:  
It is a mistake to suppose that the sub-  
scription price of a paper is clear gain to  
the publisher.  
It is a mistake to suppose he gets his  
white paper for nothing.  
It is a mistake to suppose that it is print-  
ed without cost.  
It is a mistake to think that he can live  
bodily by faith.  
It is a mistake to suppose it is easy to  
please everybody.  
It is a mistake to suppose that money  
due for the paper would be as good to us  
in a year as it would now.  
It is a mistake to suppose that he would  
not be thankful for what is due him and for  
new subscribers.  
The following is an exact copy of a  
hand-bill stuck up in several parts of the  
city of Dublin, in July 1800.  
This is to certify, that I, Daniel O'Flan-  
aghan, am not the person that was tarred  
and feathered by the liberry mob on Tues-  
day last; and I am ready to give 20  
guineas to any one that will lay me fifty,  
that I am the other man who goes by my  
name. Witness my hand this 30th of  
July, 1800.  
DANIEL O'FLANAGHAN.  
Spanish description of a complete beau-  
ty.  
Three things should be white; the teeth,  
the skin and the hands.  
Three black; the eyes, lashes and brows.  
Three red; the lips, cheeks and nails.  
Three long; the waist, hair and hands.  
Three short; the teeth, ears and feet.  
Three broad; the chest, forehead and  
brow.  
Three little; the head, nose and breast.  
And three things should be small; the  
fingers, lips and ankle.  
"We wont indulge in such horrid antici-  
pations," as the heepled husband said  
when the person told him he would be join-  
ed to his wife in another world, never to  
separate from her. "Parson," said he, "I  
beg you wont mention the circumstance  
again."  
There are four things that look very  
awkward in a woman; to see her under-  
take to whistle; to throw a stone at a  
hog; to smoke a cigar, and to climb over  
a garden fence.  
A Chaplain at a State prison was asked  
by a pious friend how his parishioners  
were. "All under conviction," was the re-  
ply.  
A lady in speaking of gathering of law-  
yers to dedicate a new court house said  
she supposed they had gone to view the  
ground where they must shortly lie.  
To all men the best friend is virtue; the  
best companions are endeavor and honor.  
able sentiments.

## Laws of Rhode Island.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVI-  
DENCE PLANTATIONS.  
Passed at the January Session, A.D. 1863.  
AN ACT to regulate and restrain sales of in-  
toxiating liquors.

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:—  
Section 1. No person shall hereafter sell or  
give in this State, for sale, or for use, or  
for any other purpose, any malt liquors, or  
any other liquors, or any other strong  
liquors, unless he be a resident of the town in  
which the sale is made, and shall have com-  
plied with all the conditions hereinafter speci-  
fied, to wit:—  
1. That he shall be a resident of the town in  
which the sale is made, and shall have com-  
plied with all the conditions hereinafter speci-  
fied, to wit:—  
a. That he shall be a resident of the town in  
which the sale is made, and shall have com-  
plied with all the conditions hereinafter speci-  
fied, to wit:—  
b. That he shall be a resident of the town in  
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bf. That he shall be a resident of the town in  
which the sale is made, and shall have com-  
plied with all the conditions hereinafter



SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1863.

in favor of Poland." This would seem to imply more or less favor to the people of the country, while it amounts to nothing definite for the Polish Government, which will have to be certainly depended upon. And the circumstance stated by the Paris "Nation" that Austria and France have agreed in regard to the diplomatic questions involved in the Polish insurrection, amounts to little more, because Austria, though inclined to favor the Poles against Russia, was nevertheless a *particeps criminis* in the dismemberment of Poland. But the patriotic Poles appear to be ready to do what they can for independence. They have fought several battles with more or less success, and established a provisional national government in several localities. But situated as they are in the midst almost of their enemies and having to contend against a great power while under unfavorable circumstances they seldom, their case seems to be hopeless.

ALFRED SMITH, Esq., has sold twenty houses heretofore rented for summer villas, and a list of April had rented over eighty houses, leasing but about twenty in his hands for rent the coming season. The indications are that by the 1st of May all of these will be taken and a want of this kind of accommodation will be felt by those who desire to pass the summer in the city.

—

We would call attention to the advertisement of Madame ROBINSON, who has been teaching in our city for the past two years. She has now leased the "Brown Mansion" on Elm street, which is beautifully situated, and is prepared to give instruction in French and the higher English branches of study.

—

Rev. Mr. CONWAY will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning, April 6th.

THE heading of the poetry in our last "Flower," should have been "The Jassam-Blimee," not "The Famine South," though there is an excellent opportunity present to compose words to this affliction which our deluded brothers have brought upon themselves.

THE colored regiment, (54th,) of Massachusetts, is now full and in camp. Among the officers appointed, every one of which are which we notice the name of GARTH WILKINS, JAMES, son of HENRY JAMES, Esq., of this city.

MR. GEORGE E. MESSER, of this city, through the influence of Hon. WILLIAM P. SHEPHERD and other friends, has received a \$1200 leave of absence in the Quartermaster's Department of the War Department.

Representatives.

New Port—BENJAMIN FINCH, JOHN G. WEAVER, P. Q. CROFT, WILLIAM W. SHEPHERD, Benjamin J. Tuiley.

Middletown—James Chace.

Portsmouth—Albert Coggeshall.\*

Tiverton—Edward Idger, Jr.\*

Little Compton—Benjamin Seabury.

James-town—Thomas C. Watson.

New Shoreham—Luther Dickens.

Providence—Thomas Durfee. \* CHAS. A. UPRY, Moses B. Lockwood, George L. Clarke, B. E. L. Clark, J. H. W. Hall, Charles B. Green, Augustus Woodbury, Charles Carpenter, William H. Reynolds, Lyceus Sayles, George W. Payton.

North Providence—William M. Bailey, James H. H. Thomas, Joseph Cortland, James C. Collins.

Smithfield—David Ballou, Carlisle Vose Stafford W. Razez, Joseph Olney, Taber W. Mowry, Harris M. Irons.

The sum determined upon by the Secretary cannot exceed three hundred dollars; it may be ten, fifty, one hundred, two hundred dollars; or any sum within the limits of three hundred dollars. The Government may provide for a sum of less than three hundred dollars to be paid to the Government to procure substitutes was put into the law, for the sole and single purpose of keeping down the price of substitutes, so that men would be able to afford them, and thereby obtain substitutes. This provision makes it

**AN ARMLESS PATRIOT.**—A soldier is now stopping at the New England Rooms, New York, Sergeant Thomas Plunkett, late of the 10th Maine, who lost both arms at the battle of Fredericksburg. His regiment was charging on the enemy, when another Sergeant, who was bearing the colors, was killed. Sergeant Plunkett seized them and rushed to the front with them, when he was struck by a shell, which tore off both arms. The gallant soldier has no relations, and a subscription list has been opened for him at the New England Rooms.

In the interview recently with the Ute Chief, who tribe occupy a portion of Colorado Territory, the Commissioner of Indian affairs informed them that if they created a disturbance with the United States, sufficient military force will be sent to put them down. The Ute chief, however, expressed a doubt whether the gov-

**ARREST OF A DISTINGUISHED KREOL ENGINEER.**—Colonel Talcott, chief engineer of the rebel defences at Yorktown, constructor of Fort Darling and late superintendent of the Fredricksburg Iron Works at Richmond, arrived in this city on Monday morning, and was lodged in the 144 West Twenty-fourth street. Officer Talcott was at once detained by United States Marshal May to arrest him. Tuesday morning, accompanied by his daughter, he left his residence and was arrested about noon near Barnum's Museum. He was taken to the office of Gen. Wood, who examined him and then sent him to the Lafayette. A pass from the Confederates was passing him, wife and daughter beyond the rebel lines, was found among his papers. Colonel Talcott is over sixty years of age. He and his family were about leaving for Europe.

**VICKSBURG AND VICINITY**—Our intelligence from the Southwest, Vicksburg and vicinity, more particularly is that of a very cheerful character. The expedition under Gen. Sherman, the rear of Haines' Bluff, by way of Steel Bayou and the sunflower, has returned to Young's Point.

The officers and enlisted men of the army hereafter to be distinguished by a badge that will show to what corps and division of corps they may belong. This regulation will have tendency to prevent straggling and skulking.

The ship *ship* *Bio Bio* was burned at the wharf in New Orleans on the 23d inst. Cause of the fire unknown. The cargo and passengers baggage were lost and it was feared that some lives were lost also.

THE English shipbuilders have launched the more fast steamers for the rebel privateers to use. The Sumter (now called the Gibraltar) is ready. The Sumter is familiar to every one, and again ready for sea in England.

**DEATH OF NATHANIEL FILLMORE.**—Nathaniel Fillmore, Esq., father of ex-President Fillmore, died at East Aurora, Erie County, Pa., Saturday morning, at the advanced age of 70 years.

**PENUSION CLAIMS.**—The number of pension applicants for widows and invalid pensioners is continually increasing. Since the war, seventeen thousand of the former, and eleven thousand of the latter have been received.

Saturday an order was read from Gen. Hood for reducing baggage and promising Gen. Sherman service in April. The wind and sun are drying the mud with astonishing rapidity.

an iron bottom could be sent to distant shores for a length of time.

COM. FARBACHT writes to the Navy Department that he discovered the wreck of the *Carroll* on the right bank of the river about six miles above Grand Gulf. She was put on an oblique and her upper works were very much shattered by the explosion.

One thousand dollars was spent in trying to illuminate the huge dome of St. Paul's, Louisiana, on the night of the Prince's wedding. The effect was a failure, as it is said to have looked like a boy lighting a match on a haystack.

PROMOTIONS.—Capt. Robert C. Anthony has been promoted Major in the 23rd R. Cavalry and Capt. Samuel B. M. Read to Lieut. Col. of the 2d Regiment.

The religious revival in Fall River continued forty-two persons were admitted to the church on two Sundays.

present war. The Merrimack, the Arkansas, Louisiana and the Indiana have all gone to bottom. The vaunted prowess and skill of these seem to be unequal to the task of managing them properly.

THE stones on the corners of the Exchar in Boston, are larger than any single stone Cleopatra's Needle; and those now in erect position at the Washington building at Washington are much heavier than any stone of Pompeii Pillar or the Pyramid's of Egypt.

Those "coffee mill" guns—one hundred more in number, we are told have proved to be of no practical value in the army of the Mac and are now laid up in store house Washington.

Eleven barrels of whisky sold in Atlanta, (a few days ago) for \$60,000, being more or \$700 a barrel.

THE Internal Revenue Department recei-







**GROCERIES.**

**W.M. CORNELL**  
17 & 19 Broad st. and 1 Spring St.  
(At the Junction of Broad and Spring streets,  
nearly opposite his former location.)  
Invites the attention of the public to the following large and well selected stock of

**NEW GOODS**

which with many other things are offered at very low prices, and delivered free of charge in any part of the city.

**TEA.**  
New crop Oolong,  
Young Hyson, various grades from the Lapsang  
Fenchong, August, Box  
or Imperial,  
Canton.

**COFFEES.**  
Mocha  
Arabica  
Dandelion  
Various grades from the Lapsang  
Fenchong, August, Box  
or Imperial,  
Canton.

[illegible][illegible]

Men's  
Misses' and Children's  
Denim  
Chamois  
Ribbons  
Thread

Curry Combs,  
Whips, &  
**SHOES.**

Boys'  
Women's

**DRY GOODS.**  
Brown and Beeshee's  
Prints, Ginghams,  
Cambrics, Jeans,  
Tuck and Crease,  
Hedlfs, Eglins,  
Silk, and **EVERY NOTION.**

CROCKERY,  
GLASS WARE,  
EARTHEN WARE,  
PAPER HANGINGS.

Having nearly disposed of his large stock of hangings will sell the remainder at reduced

**PLUMBING.**

**JOSEPH M. LYON**

PLUMBER, BRASS FOUNDER & COPPER

**H**AS constantly on hand a variety of Foreign and Domestic Pumps, of his own manufacture, and of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. He warrants equal, if not superior to any other offered in this market.

Also, Water Closets, Wash Bowls, Crocks, Cochitane Faucets, and every description of Plumbing materials of various qualities and prices, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere.

Also, Pure Bore Tin Pipe, warranted not to injure the water in any way and fitted to any style to Pumps and all other purposes.

Lead Pipe and Sheet Lead of various sizes on hand, also, all kinds of Brass and Copper Castings made to order. Ship Castings of all kinds on hand and made to order at short notice. All work done promptly attended to with neatness as well as patch and all work *Warranted*.

**CITY PLUMBING STORE**  
**JOHN C. WEAVER, JR.**

**PLUMBER.**  
AND DEALER in Force, Copper and  
Pumps, Block Tin, Lead Pipes, and  
Lead, of all sizes. Water Closets, Marble  
&c &c, constantly on hand.  
N.B.—All kinds of Plumbing and  
done in a neat and substantial manner at  
reduced prices, and guaranteed to be  
promptly attended to.  
Please give us a call. Orders left  
at the residence will be promptly  
attended to.  
JOHN G. WEAVER,  
March 8—tf No. 4 Mill St.

**PLUMBING STORE.**  
NATHAN M. CHAPMAN  
has now in store,  
Force, Copper and Iron Pipes,  
Lead Pipes and Sheet Lead  
Water Closets, Marble Basins, &c

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
Plumbing and jobbing of all kinds,  
done in a neat and substantial manner at  
reduced prices for satisfaction.  
Orders left at the store No. 5 Corn  
Wharf, will be promptly attended to.  
June 26

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**INSURANCE.**

**THE FARMERS'**  
**Mutual Fire Insurance**  
**COMPANY,**  
AT EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

CONTINUES to insure against losses of  
by fire or lightning, in two separate  
departments, and has been in business  
most wholly to the State of Rhode Is-  
land in operation since 1851, has never  
assessments, and has, after paying losses

penses, a large surplus in the treasury.  
BENJAMIN B. THURSTON, Pres.  
NICHOLAS S. FRY, Vice Pres.  
WILLIAM BODIFURN, Treasurer.  
THOMAS A. BENTLEY, Secretary.  
Applications for insurance may be made to  
OLIVER POTTER, Newport  
East Greenwich, Oct 16, 1868—1y

THE  
**PARK FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
Cash Capital 200,000  
*With a large surplus, all secured  
on Bond & Mortgage and first  
Bank Stock.*  
Office 237 Broadway cor. Park  
and 50 Wall Street  
This Company insures Buildings, Mer-

ant, and Burglaries, in port, monition, and Personal Property generally, and damage by fire.

Wm. Jaffray, Secy. Josiah W. Hall  
J. J. Searing, Surveyor, John Bodwell  
SETH W. MACE, Agent for Insur-  
Dec 31—ly. OFFICE No. 33 Spring  
street.

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**MARINE & FIRE INSURANCE**

**THE AMERICAN INSURANCE CO.**  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
INCORPORATED JUNE 30, 1852

Insure, Marine and Fire Risks on the  
most favorable terms.

The Capital of the Company is  
paid in and Invested in Bank Stock  
in the City of Providence.

**DIRECTORS:**  
H. R. Stafford, Res. Vtd Waterman  
Hutchins, George S. Rathbone, Geo. W.

WALKER HUMPHREY, T. F. T. Goddard,  
Bowen, Henry J. Smith, Allen O. Pe-  
B. Tobey, James T. Rhodes, Thomas  
ADDEN ATBYRN, J.  
WALKER HUMPHREY, Secretary.  
Persons wishing insurance or infor-  
mation said Company, will please ap-  
GEORGE BOWEN, Esq.,  
CORN and FINE FRED REAL, to  
Coy Steam Grain MILL, to  
Dec 7 SWINBUKNE